

Portrait of a Lady

She ransacks a dozen marriages, finally set
ting up a commune against the wretched
economic climate, becoming Mother of All,
salvaging many relationships and everyone else
loves her as she never stops

giving and going
through men who get younger,

worshipping the very earth
she contends

on The Very Latest Abortion March
in D. C. her great heart bangs
out, picket sign graz

ing the Barnard l
ass ahead, who hisses
WATCH IT BITCH!

softly romantic fuzz
followed by
Guess I'll go to Vegas
and fuck my brains out

how bout modifeied Shake sonnet?ÇÇI've gotten vicious,

refusing to be the sucking
asshole of aggression.
The phone lines run
both ways, Hon,

and your cunt

is no more golden
than my cock.ÇÇ

Preferences

Wouldn't mind
being a violin
ist,I think that'd be nice.

If you didn't have to
play the fuckin thing
all the time.

The War

Lasted 1 hr
And only 2
Of us died

Fucking
A camel.

Celebrations
Dedications

Parades con

Tinuing RATTATAH*TAH!*
For years in all The
Yellow Media

Ribboned Hysteria why
Even good news
Had to be censored.

What you see in
lots of American faces,
character-
less, men at any rate,
the terror they ice slowly
caponizing till the stock

bottom line: They're
merely shook,

wattles and chins,
retiring as women,

fiercely alone, a
pudding Monseur

Death sucks up.

The Unified Theory

I fear the whores'
latitudes where
down go I

a street and they express
Come on in here you!
"The old li

brary,*bibliotique?*
Is it this way?"

You might say
that.

wit,

the word
you say
less

ening another.

Fire One

I like it when a woman
zaps the shit from you
then seems solicitious

bringing gifts to keep
you as her mental ward

with hopes you'll snap
back thoroughly enough
to efficiently arrange

A Woman

can stamp rage
onto a moment
saying: Don't

come anywhere NEAR
this mood!

Or Are They Like Men?

Do they BELIEVE
the seizing when
it's ruling them?

The Aesthetic: *a definition drawn in real time*

Itza Wunnerful World when
any SLOB inabowlin jacket
cin makamovie,sighing of CRAFT whiles

TV-queried by this somethin in a tie.
Throw a snake in they'd claw to fuck it.

The Dithering Tradesman

The world's not the
telling of it, fun

y trade where-
in you can't worry
the light

rain and sun,
those subtle ways

night comes, whatever
moon, asail or trim

within the sabled rush
of fragrances.

The Decorative Arts

While wrapping
 you abstracted
 being

thrust in
 side ribbons,
 awaiting

lust.

Zinfandel, a Guide

a lot of laughing
and a little sex;
it seemed so nice
-ly proportionate